

THE LEISURE HOUR.

A FAMILY JOURNAL OF INSTRUCTION AND RECREATION.

"BEHOLD IN THESE WHAT LEISURE HOURS DEMAND,—AMUSEMENT AND TRUE KNOWLEDGE HAND IN HAND."—Couper.



COLONEL ROSLADIN AT THE FRANKEN GUARD-HOUSE.

THE SIEGE OF STRALSUND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "THE BEGGARS OF ANTWERP."

CHAPTER X.

SCARCELY knowing how to meet Helena after what had happened that morning, Wyndham resolved not to go to the house until the hour should have come when she usually repaired to the hospital, or visited the sick of her father's congregation. A certain feeling of delicacy withheld him from taking

any advantage the occurrence might have put in his way. His mind was so thoroughly made up as to the rights of Theodore, that he shrank from interpreting her visit in the manner most in accordance with his inmost feelings, and it seemed to him like a faithless breaking of his promise to Herr Wechter, not to do everything in his power to mend matters between Theodore and Helena. Little did he know that at that very hour the breach had been widened beyond healing, and that partly through circum-

stance, but mostly through the distrustfulness of his own temper. Theodore was led into an act that directly influenced the whole of his life, and the life of those with whom our story is connected. For what had happened?

At the hour when Theodore knew that his betrothed was generally alone, he presented himself to her, as may be imagined, in anything but a conciliatory and amiable spirit. This was no unusual thing for him, and for that very reason it had always been Helena's aim and object to chase the gloomy and angry clouds from his mind; and what with her beauty and the fascination of her manner—what with the sweetness of her temper that would not be ruffled—it was seldom that she exercised her arts in vain. But see what a wonderful and capricious thing the human heart is! So long as this maiden had nothing wherewith to reproach herself, she was humility and sweetness in person. Nothing he said could wound her, nothing he did could vex her; and at last, when tired and thoroughly exhausted by the unequal contest, the fierce spirit acknowledged the superiority of weakness, and when pride saw itself beaten by sweet humility, then the fraulein's heart would sometimes swell with innocent satisfaction, and something very akin to love would pityingly encompass him.

This morning, however, it was different. There was now something to defend, and there was a consciousness within her that she could no longer meet his reproaches and suspicions with a perfect candour. Ah! she had not been able to do that for some time past, but the change had never till now been brought so clearly before her. Accordingly there was in her demeanour and in her look a hauteur, very trifling, it is true, and easily to be subdued, but not by reproaches. Had Theodore understood this, he would have been wise. But he was foolish.

The weather was still magnificent. The imperials kept up a lazy cannonade that was scarcely answered by those of the city, except when either party, grown too careless by the absence of danger, exposed its men too much, in which case a sharp exchange of musket-shots would suddenly ring through the air.

She had taken up her position in the little room that opened into the garden, and there her spinning-wheel went busily round, and her nimble fingers threaded the flax with such dexterity that the eye could scarcely follow them. Presently the house-door latch was lifted, and a well-known step sounded on the red tiles, wherewith the front room was paved. The door was pushed open, and the eyes of Theodore sternly regarded his betrothed. She had looked up from her work with a bright smile, intending to welcome him as usual; but the expression of his face, and perhaps the contrast it offered to the expression she had been conscious of calling forth on another face that morning, made the smile fade upon her lips, and a silent nod was all she vouchsafed her lover.

"Did you expect another?" asked he, bitterly. "Because methinks the expression of your face tells tales."

"In truth," answered she, with dignity, "I did expect another welcome this morning."

"Ah," said he, with a rude laugh, "a welcome, perchance, that would have been more welcome, and that would have been a continuation of the tender farewell this morning on the quay!"

The silent look of reproach that Helena threw upon him fired his passion still more. He approached the spinning-wheel, and seizing it with no very gentle hand, arrested its motion.

"I have to congratulate both ourselves with the accident that brought me thither. Had I but known that you entertain such taste for morning walks, 'twould have been my pleasure to provide you with a safer guide. Hush! you need not look offended at my having stopped your wheel. I know *he* would not have done that; but—"

"Nay, you say truly; he would *not* have done it, nor shall I allow you to do it. Pray let me work, and remember that you have no right whatever to dictate my comings and goings, as you seem to imagine."

"Aha!" said Theodore, entirely taken aback by so unusual a speech; "has he converted my little dove into a hawk? Listen, Helena! You know whose blood this is?"

And with these words he pulled his sword out of its scabbard, and showed her the deep red stains upon the steel. For a moment the maiden looked at the murderous and self-convicted weapon without seeming to understand what she really saw. Then turning deadly pale, a cry broke from her lips, and she tottered towards the door. Theodore sprang forward quickly, and caught her in his arms. But as she fell upon the cold steel of his cuirass, it seemed as if the touch of that steel worked upon her with a sort of magic. She shuddered, and with one effort loosened herself from his support. There was in her face an expression he had never seen before; there was in her blue eyes a certain wildness and fierceness that for the moment seemed positively to change their colour. She looked at him fixedly, and pushed the golden hair away from her temples.

"You have slain him—you have slain him! he who was innocent, who was good, who was so generous! you have slain him for an offence he had not dreamed of committing! Theodore, I might have loved you, and as your wedded wife I might have learned to honour and obey you. But now, I could not love his murderer, no, never! Oh, cruel, cruel!" and sobbing, she pressed her face against her trembling hands.

Theodore stood before her abashed, humbled, and terrified by her words. At the same time, she looked so exquisitely lovely, in her pure sorrow, that he sank on one knee before her and endeavoured to seize her hand.

"Forgive me, Helena," he cried; "I have gone too far. I only meant to show you what might be. My jealousy prompted me. Forgive me, if I have erred, and let it show you that I love you so deeply that I cannot bear the thought of your having another. Wyndham is alive; he is not even hurt. Ah! that seems to please you. He goes about as yet untouched, and if he lists can rob me of my only treasure."

"Enough, sir," interrupted Helena, looking at him coldly, and withdrawing her hand; "you have been mean enough to use an artifice, so that you might entrap and surprise me. Your conduct now has taught me that I can never entertain for you that respect without which I should think it a sin to take you as my husband."

She turned from him coldly, and ere he could rush to the door she had left the room and had disappeared.

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CHAPTER XI.

WHEN the man who is certain of an easy conquest is suddenly and totally defeated, it is generally some time before he can realise the full importance of the change, and before he can get himself to believe that his senses have not deceived him.

Helena's generous and yielding spirit had made Theodore so unaccustomed to opposition, that for some moments after she had left the room he actually felt as though he had driven her from him, and by compelling her to confess that she favoured the Scot, had renounced her for ever. A curious coincidence ended this self-deception.

As he stood in the middle of the room, a sound as of some one talking vehemently reached his ear. The next moment the door opened, and Pastor Hermann stood on the threshold. His features wore a strange expression. The mouth that was usually parted with a humorous and pleasant smile was now firmly set and severe; the eyes flamed with an angry fire; the whole figure, somewhat banded by age, was now erect and bold, and the head was thrown back with a gesture of defiance. As soon as his eyes rested upon the youth, he advanced towards him with a firm step, saying,—

"And thou! thou art another of those who associate with the shameful betrayers of the Lord and His cause. I ask thee, how canst thou justify thy behaviour? In what respect is the Lutheran substantiation better than the Popish transubstantiation? Are they not both a cursed idolatry? Turn up the Bible from the first page to the last, and thou mayest have my head if thou canst find one word of such a doctrine in the holy book. Do they not twist the truth so that it becometh a lie? And wouldst thou put up with such children of Belial? I understand not, how thou, a reformed Christian—"

"I?" asked the astonished young burgher, at once puzzled and irritated by this sudden theological outburst of the excited pastor. "I know not—"

"Yea, there lies the rub," continued the Calvinist, in the same flood of words which admitted of no interruption. "Thou shouldst know at least that Lutheranism is worse than Popery, inasmuch as there is some sense, however small, in the Popish doctrines of confession and absolution. It behoves—"

"Nay, but good pastor," said Theodore, sternly, "I understand not."

"How canst thou? who art foolish in thine own conceit. Nay, try me not with arguments. I will shatter thy reason to the four corners of the earth, for thou hast eyes and thou seest not, neither having ears dost thou understand, and ere I can adopt thee as my son—"

He suddenly paused in his sentence while observing the pallor that overspread the youth's face. For the moment, the late interview and its result had vanished from Theodore's brain, but these words suddenly brought it before him in all its intensity.

"I think there need be little fear of that," said he, bitterly, and with a wretched smile; "where father and daughter are both so intent upon breaking the chain that ties us, it should be stronger than it is, were it to stand the strain."

The pastor looked at him as one awaking out of a dream, and said, slowly, "How now; what ails thee, lad? What was this about my daughter, and a chain that binds her? You look pale and saddened, surely nothing serious has befallen her?"

Theodore retained a sullen silence, for he thought the pastor was mocking him, whereas that good man, having but recently issued out of a pitched battle with several of his most determined opponents, and but dimly perceiving his change of audience, could not interpret an answer which he had not clearly understood.

"Pardon me, my son," he continued, in his usual affectionate tone. "I meant not to upbraid thee. But the spirit within me is like a roused lion when I encounter these foolish and strong-headed men—"

"And like the lion, you care not whom you attack, Herr Pastor."

"Truly. I have put my trust in the Lord, and I have not the fear of man," answered he, with a momentary flash in his eye. "I was but now holding forth to our syndie, and I have overcome him, although he would not submit. I am grieved that my arguments should have wounded *you*, but truth is a sharp and two-edged sword—"

"Nay, Herr Pastor, it was not your arguments that wounded me; but you will please to remember that you refused to accept me any longer as a son. I forego that honour, since it is an honour no longer."

"As how? These be strong words from your lips."

"Ask your daughter, and if she gives you no answer, I have none."

"My daughter?"

The old man said these two words with such grand dignity and perfect astonishment, that Theodore looked somewhat abashed. But at that moment his eyes beheld something behind the pastor that clouded his brow again and compressed his lips—it was the face of his own father.

"Well, sirrah," said the latter, regarding his son over the pastor's shoulder with a stern look, "what should we ask of sweet Helena? Is the charge so grave that you cannot utter it?"

"No, sir," answered the son, sulkily; "but I care not to accuse her before so partial a tribunal. Why, sir, it wants but little knowledge to read in your face that you are, as usual, against me."

"And, my son," said the pastor, in a fatherly, yet earnest tone, "I think in this case you are right. Come, I believe I know the substance of your charge. Was it not about this morning?"

"I care not to deny it."

"And had you known the matter as I know it, you would have loved her more for her very indiscretion. You saw her on the quay?"

"Ay, I did so. But what matters? I have neither a right nor wish to know anything now."

"Listen. She was there to favour the flight of some poor gipsy woman, who yearns for her children afar off. She told me all this morning, and I rebuked her, but I loved her for it."

"And yet, sir, if she were as innocent as you would have her be, how comes she to be in conversation with Captain Wyndham at so unseemly an hour, and how does she refuse me that explanation in which she can make you believe so easily? But I thank you, sir; I thank you greatly. I do not feel that admiration for an act of treason which you seem to have. But where I can no longer love, I can at least punish."

"And whom would you punish?" asked his father.

"With whom the guilt lies," answered his son, curtly.

"Captain Wyndham? For surely he alone can break the law who knows it."

"And he alone shall feel the law who broke it," answered the other, with compressed lips.

"Fie, Theodore! Would you have the law down on your rival for doing a godly act of mercy, and that because he acted on the noble inspiration of her who needs must fly to others when she sees you unwilling to help and assist her?"

"Call him not my rival," interrupted the youth, who had grown even paler than before; "he is that no longer."

"What is he then?" asked the pastor, who had eyed Theodore with pity.

"He is what I was, or would be."

"He loves her, you mean? But do not you? Come, Theodore, let me call her down, and end this most unhappy interview."

"Nay, Herr Pastor, call her not. I would not have her now, for I know now that she loves me not; and—and—"

Hard though his face looked, and fierce, if he had uttered another word he must have broken out into a passion of tears.

"My son, my son, I knew this would come!" said the father. "When we betrothed ye to each other as children we prayed to God that He might lead your hearts to love Him and each other. But you have chosen to forsake Him first, and her now. I have seen your jealousy of the Scot increase day by day, and I have watched how fierce and deadly is your hatred. You are my son, and I am bound to love you. But though I love you, I thank God that you shall not marry that sweet maid, whom I love as my daughter, for assuredly you would have spoiled her life. Go! Repent of your folly, and think not that you can punish Wyndham so easily. For while you were abed the Colonel Rosladin arrived—he and his valiant friend Duval—and he is now commander of the city. Your beloved Holk has no more power than you yourself, and ere you charge the Scot with treason, examine yourself, and see that you are not to blame."

The latter part of these words were said as Theodore left the room with a haughty step, and an incredulous smile on his lips.

The pastor looked after him with pitying eye, and turning to old Wechter, he said: "I fear, my friend, thou art too hard with him."

"Iron is sharpened by iron," answered the burgher.

"But sharp iron is blunted by it."

Theodore strode out of the house, feeling more lonely and at war with all the world than if he had been a solitary knight amongst innumerable armies of Saracens. He was fully resolved now to force a duel upon the unwilling Scot, in which it would be impossible for one at least to escape. But he was foiled even in that. While walking towards the barracks, where he would have found Wyndham, he met a fellow-officer of the burgher guards who confirmed what he had not before believed, that Rosladin had that morning arrived. He told him also that in consequence the watches had been altered, and that they must assemble on the Rathhouse Square within a quarter of an hour.

Scarcely had Theodore time to hurry on his armour, when the bugle called him to duty. And in the evening, as he walked through the town, tired with passion and his work, an ugly whisper went from ear to ear, and people looked at each other in silence. For they dared not tell each other what

they feared, but the whisper was this: "Wallenstein has come!"

CHAPTER XII.

YES, Wallenstein had come. The stir and bustle in the imperial camp was caused by the arrival of the great general with the whole of his army and fifty heavy guns. No sooner had he received and dismissed the deputation at Frankfort, than he followed almost at its heels to enforce his answer.

Wyndham was at his usual post at the Frank Gate on that night. The weather was truly magnificent. The stars shone out with the brilliancy of gems in a robe of dark velvet. Not a breath stirred the air, and the mass of water that came lapping and oozing round the jetties and boats was as smooth as the surface of a lake. The heat and the silence alike were oppressive. To our captain they were more; they were almost maddening. A peculiar sensation, which he had never before experienced, seemed to inspire him with a sort of physical fear. The knowledge that danger, perhaps death, was certain to come within twenty-four hours, made the absolute peace of the surroundings doubly painful. He could not bear to be in the company of the junior officers in the guard-house, who were eagerly discussing the probable current of events. His whole body was so sensitive that the least touch sent a thrill of pain through him. He rose and stepped out upon the quay. But the monotony of the sentry's step irritated him. He longed to fly where nothing could disturb him; where even the hopes and fears that now divided his heart would be silenced, and where the incessant chasing of one wild thought after another might cease for one moment to oppress his soul with gloom or to elevate it with an ecstasy of delight. He turned towards the H-Geist Bastion, where there was the smallest chance of his being disturbed, wishing for nothing so much as to be alone with his thoughts. He had not taken many steps on the covered way that led to the bastion, when he was stopped by the small figure of a man, whose features in the uncertain light it was impossible to recognise.

"Captain Wyndham, if I am not amiss?" said an authoritative voice, in Swedish.

"The same, colonel. What is your pleasure?"

"To shake you by the hand, sir. I have been advertised of your doings, and I am glad to have a word apart with you. Let us to the guard-house."

A few steps brought them to the guard-house, and into the room where the officers, about a dozen, were congregated, refreshing themselves with wine. The appearance of the close-knit, hard-grained, weather-beaten little man, whose dark eyes regarded them with such intensity, caused them to rise and salute him in silence.

"I would advise such of the officers as are not on duty to retire, and betake themselves to rest for a while; they will need all they can get," said Rosladin. "And those who are on duty will go to their respective posts."

"And now," said the new commander, when they were alone, "what of the town? Know you the number of inhabitants, and the garrison that we can depend on in the event of a storm?"

"The inhabitants number eighteen thousand," answered Wyndham, "and in urgent case of need, I think we might reckon on ten thousand men capable of defence, including the three thousand Danes and Swedes. I feel as if the urgency is not far off."

"Ay, captain, I shall not be surprised if Friedland storms to-morrow at all the three gates. He has not come for nothing, remember."

The assurance was almost a pleasure to Wyndham. There was now, at any rate, a probable end to his feverish suspense, and the strange anxiety that oppressed him.

"And I am told there is great scarcity in the city," said the colonel. "If it be so, and if no help or provision can come to us, it is scarce worth our while to fight."

"I know not that our provisions are scarce as yet," answered Wyndham; "but I fear they will become so, for even your ships brought us but little, if you consider the hungry mouths it has to feed."

"And for that you have to thank Banner, to whom your possible want occurred at the last moment, or rather General Leslie, who sent a special message to Banner to remind him."

"I confess I am somewhat surprised," said Wyndham, "that the king has not sent a larger force. Methought, now that his war with Poland is over, and he knoweth the sore stress of this town, he might have spared us greater help."

"So thought I, Herr Captain," answered Rosladin, "but it almost seems to me as if the king were in dubious mind about sustaining this siege; his counsels being at war 'twixt open rupture which must follow, and the abandonment of such an undertaking."

"But now that we are here let us keep it for him," said Wyndham; "and I beseech you, colonel, order me to double the guards at the gates, for I feel as though, even at this hour, they were preparing for a bloody onslaught. There's that within me that tells me there is danger near, and my soul, like the sea-gull at the approach of a storm, flutters and trembles within me."

"Come, let us visit the works, and as we go tell me the whole tale of that curious dispute between the Danish and Swedish soldiers. They say that Colonel Holk intended treason; but I believe it not, for he resigned the command to me with such fair and honourable mien that were this true he must be a sad hypocrite. Come, the night is fine, and let us hope it is the herald of a finer day."

Towards the morning, when the light of the stars began to fade, and by degrees the different objects started into sight in the grey dawn, it became unmistakably evident that the imperials were making preparations of some sort. The sound of their drums and trumpets was distinctly heard at the gate, and Wyndham immediately despatched an orderly for reinforcements. The message had scarcely been delivered to Rosladin, when another arrived from the Knipes Gate and another from the Tribsee Gate, requesting help in all haste. For some moments the officers—Rosladin, Duval, Holk, and Hamilton—had a consultation together, then the last three hurried away in different directions. In a few moments the whole city was up and doing. Not many eyes had been closed that night in heavy sleep, and many a bed had been unoccupied, for the whisper, "Wallenstein has come!" had been repeated at every door, and driven slumber away. At the first notes of the bugle, every door opened as if by magic, and burghers and musketeers ran out into the cool morning air. They passed each other with a cordial salute; all differences were now forgotten, all petty jealousy and strife swept away before the

approaching shadow of the dark wings of the angel of death.

The engagement commenced at the Knipes Gate, where Rosladin himself commanded, shrewdly guessing that here Wallenstein would be present in person. The outworks of both the Knipes and Franken Gates had been seriously damaged by the imperial fire. Large breaches had been made in the walls; the cannon were disabled. The fire of the enemy posted during the night completely swept part of the approach from the gates to the outer bastions; the outer bastions themselves were almost like an open battle-field, to be defended by dogged courage, and by that alone.

With a ringing cheer, the imperial musketeers advanced towards the breach. They were greeted with a volley from the burgher guard, to whom the honour of defending their own walls had been given. But the waves of the advancing tide are no more indifferent to the faint summer breeze than were these veterans to the volley. On they came in an irregular line, eager faces crushing in between glistening swords and helmets. A second volley seemed to give them a new impulse. There is blood, there is plunder to be had. On ye men of Friedland! See! the burghers waver! they retreat! they are in disorder! they fly! Hurrah! the bastion is yours!

Then the close-knit little figure of Rosladin pointed with his sword to the mass of retreating burghers, and turning to the Danes and Swedes behind him, commanded—Forward! It was murderous, that meeting of two tried bodies of soldiers, but it was short. The imperials, after a few minutes' desperate conflict, fled as fast as they could. Their dead and wounded were thrown aside; a fresh force sent forward; a moment's breathing time allowed; and on came another regiment, as wild, nay, wilder, than the first. Six times the bastion was taken, six times it was recovered. The sea water in the fosse was dyed red with blood. Heaps of mangled corpses lay everywhere, blocking up the very breach, their distorted faces staring up at heaven with dreadful glassy eyes. The duke himself looked at the scene from afar with folded arms and stern, unmovable face.

When for the sixth time the attack was repulsed, he countermanded the storm, and went to breakfast. What were a thousand lives to him?

At the Tribsee Gate scarcely anything had been done. At the Franken Gate the same success had attended those of the city; but our story here has to record details. The command of the defence had been given to Holk. It was carried on with the same intrepidity, but somehow the garrison had grown disheartened by a report that the enemy were already in the city, and would soon attack them in the rear. They flagged. A mad rush was made by Arnheim's dragoons. Presently a cry broke from those who had been engaged in the last attack, and who had been for a time withdrawn. Arnheim's colours waved on the bastion. Wyndham looked round with a strange tremor.

"It is all over with us, Harry," whispered Baverley, behind him, "unless we be mettlesome. These burghers know not how to keep ground."

"Captain Wyndham, forward!" cried an adjutant from Holk. With a sort of delight the Scots rushed after their captain. Even in that terrible moment some raillery passed between them and the rear ranks of the burghers.

In the foremost rank, fighting against fearful odds with a fierceness that astonished even the imperials, was a young officer of the burgher guard. Already wounded in several places, his clenched teeth betrayed his determination to die rather than yield. Forced by the masses of dragoons to retreat, he threw a hasty glance backwards, and his face almost touched Wyndham's. A deep flush overspread his dark features, and with renewed vigour he turned towards the imperials. They were no match for the torrent-like rush of the Scots, whose Highland warcries sounded above the clatter of arms.

"The standard! the standard!" was the cry. The Arnheimers were literally crushed back through the breach. Two hands, that had fought side by side, were laid on the standard at the same moment. Wyndham, in acknowledgment of his rival's rare valour, loosened his hold, but was suddenly struck, and fell senseless to the ground. His faithful Roger, also wounded, and scarcely able to walk, dragged him out of the crush to a place of comparative safety, then dropped down himself by the body of his master. At that moment the sun rose majestically out of the sea, as if to greet the victorious city.

BAXTER'S STATUE AT KIDDERMINSTER.

BY THE REV. EDWARD BRADLEY, RECTOR OF STRETTON, RUTLAND.

IN the "Leisure Hour" for August, 1872, there appeared four illustrated papers, from my pen and pencil, on "Richard Baxter, in Kidderminster," in which I mentioned the proposal by Mr. H. Greaves, a member of the town council, that a monument to Baxter should be erected in Kidderminster, and the warmth with which this proposal was adopted by all parties in the town and country, and also in America. Although the subscriptions did not reach the amount originally contemplated, yet they have been sufficient to enable the committee to erect a statue that is worthy of the extraordinary man whom it was desired to commemorate. In due course, sculptors were appealed to for designs, and the choice of the committee fell upon the model prepared by Mr. Thomas Brock, of Osnaburgh Street, Regent's Park, the chief assistant of Mr. Foley, R.A., and, since that eminent sculptor's death, the artist who has been selected to complete his unfinished works. As Mr. Brock is a Worcestershire man, it is a happy coincidence that he should have been chosen to hand down to posterity the form and lineaments of the eminent Worcestershire divine. The statue is carved from a hard block of grey Sicilian marble, and is ten feet high. Baxter is very realistically represented, in the act of preaching, with his right arm raised, and his forefinger pointing upwards, while the left hand holds a Bible, which rests on a pedestal, the idea of slight physical weakness being skilfully suggested by the attitude. The preacher's dress of the period is treated with truthfulness and skill, the lines of the composition being pleasing to the eye, and artistically composed. The figure stands on a pedestal of Cornish grey granite, twelve feet high, on the front panel of which is the following inscription, very happily written by the Rev. E. Parry:—"Between the years 1641 and 1660, this town was the scene of the labours of Richard Baxter, renowned equally for his Christian learning and his pastoral

fidelity. In a stormy and divided age, he advocated unity and comprehension, pointing the way to 'the Everlasting Rest.' Churchmen and Nonconformists united to raise this memorial, A.D. 1875." The statue is surrounded by an iron railing and stone flagging; the whole cost being about £1,200. Among the subscribers were more than 2,000 Sunday School scholars, several friends in America, and Mr. Richard Baxter, a lineal descendant of the great divine.

The ceremony of the unveiling of the statue, a very important event in the annals of the town, was fixed for Wednesday, July 28, and the whole of the day's proceedings passed off with the greatest success. The weather was most favourable for the outdoor processions and speeches, as well as for the comfort of the great crowds of people who had flocked in from all quarters to take part in the day's festival, the centre of attraction, of course, being the Bull-ring, where the statue has been erected. The Bull-ring is in the very heart of the town, and is its largest open space, triangular in shape; it lies between High Street and Church Street, and consequently Baxter must have passed through it almost daily, on his way from his house to the parish church. It seemed on last July 28th, as though his "Kidderminster doctrine," as Judge Jefferies sneeringly called it, had, at length, been accepted, and that "unity and comprehension" now prevailed; for, in the midst of the great representative crowd of all classes and creeds that swarmed around Baxter's statue, there marched in procession to the platform, erected by the side of the statue, the mayor of the town, in his robes and chain of office; the magistrates and members of the corporation; the clergy and ministers of religion; the bishop and dean of the diocese; the lord-lieutenant of the county, the member for the borough, accompanied by a large number of visitors, including ministers of all denominations, who had assembled to do honour and justice to the once persecuted preacher, whose name is now a household word, and whose writings are among our most treasured literary possessions. The "golden-mouthed" Dean of Westminster had been invited to deliver the chief address, which he did, after the unveiling of the statue by Mrs. Philpott, wife of the Bishop of Worcester. The occasion recalled the similar one of the unveiling of the Bunyan statue, at Bedford, Dean Stanley being selected as the national herald for these two ceremonies, and in his address at Kidderminster he proved to be a formidable rival to himself in his address at Bedford. He commenced with a reference to that address, contrasting Baxter and Bunyan, and remarking that they had lived as contemporaries for threescore years, without ever knowing each other or seeing each other's face. Passing over the mention of the busy, public life of Baxter, as compared with the obscurer career of Bunyan, the Dean went on to say, "There is a well-known saying of Luther's in which he divides the foremost men of his time and country into four classes—Erasmus, the great scholar, words, not deeds; Martin Luther, himself the great reformer, deeds not words; Melancthon, scholar and reformer, combined deeds and words; Carlostadt, the violent iconoclast, neither deeds nor words. This is a classification which runs through all ages, and not least through the seventeenth century of England. At the head of words, not deeds, shall we not place the blind, disabled, immortal Milton? At the head of deeds not words, none can rival the dumb, con-

fused, and powerful Cromwell. Those who had neither deeds nor words, their name was legion, Royalists and Roundheads; but for deeds and words together there is none that can stand comparison with Richard Baxter." The Dean then commented on the deeds and words of Baxter, though his eulogy of Baxter, as a writer, was tempered with critical acumen. He thought that "there are many faults in Baxter's works. Bishop Burnett was quite right when he said that Baxter meddled in too many things. He was, most unhappily, subtle and metaphysical in everything, but it is this very tissue of contradictory labour, of unprofitable stuff, from which, if I may borrow a figure from your world-famous manufacture, there run golden threads and solid strands which redeem even the most obscure parts from ignominy, and at times are woven into patches and fringes of glorious splendour." He then went on to speak of his bodily infirmities, in the midst of which, to use Baxter's own words, so often quoted, "he preached as a dying man to dying men." (Baxter also said that the "Saint's Rest" was "written as it were *with one foot in the grave*, by a man that was betwixt living and dead.") But the special message of this ever-dying saint and indomitable student, said the Dean, was to advocate the "unity and comprehension" recorded in the inscription on his monument. "Many other thoughts abounded in that teeming brain, and they are more or less secondary. This thought was primary and ever-recurring. His zeal for the unity of the spirit in the bond of peace and in righteousness of life was the fundamental dogma of his theology, the absorbing passion of his existence, mingling with all his combats in this world, and with all his works in the world to come. 'In necessary things, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; in all things, charity.' This favourite maxim was dug out by Baxter from an obscure German treatise, and made the motto of his life till it gradually entered into universal literature, and was deemed worthy of no less a name than that of the great Augustine, who, I fear, with all his power and all his piety, never wrote anything so good or so wise."

Dean Stanley related that, on one of the few occasions he met the late Sir James Stephen, he was strongly counselled by him to lose not a day in reading the last twenty pages of the first part of Baxter's narrative of his own life. The Dean did so on that night, and had ever since advised students to do the same, as he now counselled his hearers, both young and old. (The Bishop of Worcester afterwards endorsed the Dean's opinion and counsel, and said that he often recommended that work of Baxter's to his candidates for orders, and frequently read it for his own profit.) The Dean then eloquently showed how the teaching of Baxter had guided and ruled the various schools of thought, and concluded his impressive address with the following eloquent peroration:—

"He and his works have entered into that everlasting rest of which he spoke. He has taught us the way to that rest in words which rise above the jargon of all sects, and may strike a chord in the most philosophic no less than most devout minds. His uplifted hand calls to the unconverted as to the seventeenth so to the nineteenth century to turn and live; to turn and live in accordance, as he says, with the thousand voices of the Bible, of conscience, of good example, of nature, to turn from all our most

degrading vices, to turn from all our frivolity, self-indulgence, corruption, idleness, party-spirit; to turn from that want of charity, that want of truth, want of faith, which depresses us all alike, upwards towards that higher and more heavenly frame of heart, to that peculiar nobleness of spirit which as he truly says distinguishes not only man from the beasts, not only the good from the bad, but the best of men from mediocrity. Not only in the turmoil of controversy, but in the toil and misery of daily life, in the restlessness of this restless age his serene countenance tells us of the unseen better world, where there remaineth a rest for the people of God. It reminds us of that entire resignation which was expressed in those his latest words, 'Where thou wilt, what thou wilt, and how thou wilt.' It reminds us of his high and holy hope, that after the rough, tempestuous day, we shall at last have the quiet, silent night, light and rest together—the quietness of the night without its darkness."

The address of Dean Stanley was followed by one from the Rev. John Stoughton, D.D., of London, who, as the Dean had already remarked, knew Baxter and his time so well that he was almost inclined to believe him to be that contemporary come to life again whom Baxter always described as "the judicious Dr. Stoughton." Dr. Stoughton sketched the chief points of Baxter's career in Kidderminster. Regarding his untiring application to work, Dr. Stoughton said:—"Amongst the curiosities of literature was the occurrence in Baxter's works of a figure the very same as that so skilfully rendered by Lord Byron in his lines on Henry Kirke White:

'Keen were his pangs; but keener still to feel
He nursed the pinion which impelled the steel;
While the same plumage that had warmed his nest,
Drank the last life-blood from his bleeding breast.'

Perhaps Dr. Stoughton here referred to the following passage:—"Our undervaluings and neglects have forfeited our opportunities. As good Melancthon was wont to say, 'In vulneribus nostris proprias agnoscimus pennas' ('the arrow that woundeth us was feathered from our own wings'). This occurs in Baxter's 'Farewel Sermon, Prepared to have been Preached to his Hearers at Kidderminster at his departure, but forbidden.'"

There was, of course, a luncheon after the ceremony was completed, and also an evening meeting, both passing off with the greatest success. The Bishop of Worcester, in proposing a vote of thanks to Dean Stanley and Dr. Stoughton, said, that it struck him as a remarkable circumstance that neither of the eloquent orators had made any allusion to Baxter's marriage, which event his lordship considered to be one of the most interesting events of his life. "Margaret Charlton, if I recollect rightly the name of the lady," continued the bishop, "belonged to Kidderminster, and, at the age of twenty, she married a not very healthy man of the age of fifty. That marriage, however, did very great credit to the ladies of the town of Kidderminster, for there could not have been a more devoted wife than Mrs. Baxter was to him, in the midst of those great sufferings from bodily

* This sermon was written in 1660, but was not published till 1683. An original copy in my possession. "London, Printed for B. Simmons, at the Three Golden Cocks, on Ludgate Hill, at the West End of St. Pauls," was exhibited, together with various other early editions of his works, oil paintings, drawings, etc., in a collection of Baxter's relics, including his chair and communion table, exhibited at the Corn Exchange on the day of the ceremony of unveiling the statue.

ill-health and from persecutions to which he was exposed. In his account of his life there were some rather remarkable passages in reference to the marriage, from one of which it would appear that the lady made love to him rather than he to the lady." The speaker was not quite correct in his dates. Baxter, who was born in 1615, was finally driven from Kidderminster early in April, 1660, being, as he said, then "silenced by the Bishop of Worcester," whose successor in the see was now one of the chief speakers that came to pay their tribute to Baxter's fame; and it was when he was in London, and had no public charge, or saw any prospect of resuming his ministerial labours, that he deemed himself to be at liberty to marry, although, he said, "the unsuitableness of our age, and my former known purposes against marriage, and against the convenience of ministers' marriage, who have no sort of necessity, made our marriage the matter of much talk." Accordingly, in 1662, when he was forty-seven years of age, he married the beautiful and wealthy Margaret Charlton, who was twenty-three years of age. For nearly twenty years she cheered his chequered life with "her strangely vivid and great wit and very sober conversation," as John Howe said in her funeral sermon, and she was buried on June 17th, 1681, in the chancel of Christ Church and St. Leonard Foster, Newgate, in the city of London, her husband being laid beside her, ten years after, on December 17th, 1691. It is evident, that whether or no, as the Bishop of Worcester said, the pretty Margaret Charlton made love to Richard Baxter, he had a true love for her, and chided himself for his too-frequent visits to the mother's house. She had brought her daughter to Kidderminster, where Margaret fell ill; and Baxter was her physician as well as pastor. When she recovered, her gratitude assumed a warmer and deeper feeling, and she and her mother followed Baxter to London. We may bear in mind that at the Kidderminster period of his life, Baxter was not the gaunt-looking, hook-nosed divine, such as his later portraits represent him to be; but, that despite his many ailments, he had a very comely appearance, with (as Sylvester said) "a piercing eye" and "a countenance composed and grave, yet somewhat inclining to smile." In fact, the good man himself was not insensible to the attractiveness of his personal appearance, for, among his "advantages" at Kidderminster, he says expressly, that one was "the acceptability of my person. Though to win estimation and love to ourselves only, be an end that none but proud men and hypocrites intend, yet, it is most certain that the gratefulness of the person doth ingratiate the message, and greatly prepareth the people to receive the truth." That he married for love and not for money, is shown by his making Margaret Charlton promise, that, if they were married, he should have none of her money and nothing to do with the management of her private property. In a lecture on Baxter, delivered by the Bishop of Peterborough (Dr. Magee) at the Peterborough Literary Institution, January, 1872—which lecture had been previously delivered at Bath—his lordship said: "About this time Baxter got married, having ascertained what many men neglect to ascertain—the nature and character of his mother-in-law; the disparity in the ages of himself and his wife, forty-seven and twenty-three, causing great wonderment. The marriage, however, turned out a very happy one, Mrs. Baxter leaving a record that her

husband had proved 'much less peevish than she had been led to expect.'"

In his statue of Baxter, Mr. Brock, who took great pains in consulting authorities, has chiefly followed the celebrated portrait preserved in Dr. Williams' library, and so well known from the engravings in Orme and elsewhere. He has represented Baxter as a striking-looking, handsome man, wearing a slight moustache, and with long waving hair falling on his shoulders. The bearded portraits of Baxter belong to the latest period of his life, so that the sculptor has wisely given as exact a representation as was possible of Richard Baxter as he preached to the inhabitants of Kidderminster, and pointed to them the way to the Saints' Everlasting Rest.

NATURAL HISTORY ANECDOTES.

SEAL HUNTING.

SEAL hunting is dangerous and uncomfortable work, and, not unnaturally, the one object of the seal-hunter is to get the greatest possible number of skins with the smallest possible expenditure of time and trouble. The work is butchery, pure and simple, and, much as we may regret its horrible features, we cannot possibly hope to see them refined away, or expect the day when an officer of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals shall be appointed to each Dundee sealing brig. The simple facts stand thus—that a sealskin jacket is made of sealskin; that, to get the skin, we must knock the seal on the nose; and that, if the fur is to have a proper gloss and lustre on it, the seal must be skinned as nearly as may be alive. Apart, however, from considerations of humanity, it is fast becoming a serious question whether the present demand for sealskin jackets is not likely to end in the total extermination of the seal itself. The Norwegian and Swedish Governments have had the matter under their consideration, and have communicated with our own Board of Trade; and there is, it seems, a unanimous consensus of opinion to the effect that, unless a close time is adopted, the seal, if not entirely exterminated, will soon become so reduced in numbers as to render the fishing unremunerative.

Mr. Frank Buckland has taken a great deal of trouble, and has written much in support of an international compact as to the time of beginning seal hunting. As yet his exertions have not had effect, for although the British fishers have generally expressed their willingness to abstain from early killing, other nations have not assented to the proposal. The fishery this year is said to be a failure; and no wonder, when we find the leading daily paper of Christiania thus speaking of the fishery of last year: "The captains give heartrending descriptions of the manner in which the fishing was conducted, owing to its having commenced too soon—namely, at the close of March. There was this year a good prospect of all the vessels being able to return full. Thousands of female seals were to be seen swimming about preparatory to giving birth to their young on the ice, over the shoals frequented by the shrimps, on which the seals principally subsist. But the vessels were lying in wait, and such a destruction commenced that after the lapse of three days the fishing was utterly destroyed, and thousands of young seals were heard crying piteously after their

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SEALS ON THE NORTH GERMAN COAST.



J. C. Krieger.

slaughtered mothers. The young seal is worthless until it is three or four weeks old. If the fishing is conducted in this manner for a very few years more, the seals will be utterly exterminated.*

The vessels bound for these fisheries leave Dundee and Peterhead about the 1st of March, and proceed to Lerwick, the capital of the Shetland Isles, where they complete their crews. The other nations engaged in this trade are Norwegians, Danes, and Germans. According to a letter of Captain David Gray, in "Land and Water," the vessels make the ice usually about seventy-two or seventy-three degrees north.

"This ice—or pack, as it is called—is composed of numerous different pieces, varying in size from a pancake to an iceberg, closely packed together, hence its name. Upon this ice the young seals are pupped. This place is chosen by the old seals for this purpose, because the ice lies on water in which their food, a small kind of shrimp, abounds; secondly, the ice is sheltered from the sea, whilst at the same time it is sufficiently exposed to its swell to keep it in motion and prevent it from freezing into a solid mass, which would prevent them from feeding. Hummocky ice is also preferred, as it breaks the wind, and gives the young seals shelter, of which they well know how to take advantage.

"There are four species of seals inhabiting the Greenland seas, of which the harp or saddle-back is the most numerous. The next in importance is the bladder-nose or hooded seal, the nose of the male being furnished with a loose appendage or bag hanging over it, which the animal inflates when enraged. The third species is the ground or bearded seal, so named from being always near the land; and from its magnificent white beard. This is the largest of the seal kind. The fourth and smallest kind is the floe seal, or floe rat, as the sailors call them. They get their name from the habit of lying on the field ice beside their holes, into which they pop when alarmed. They furnish the Polar bear with its principal source of food."

Making the ice from the 15th to the 20th of March, the longitude of the pack is first ascertained. This being found, every effort is now made to force the ships through the ice in the desired direction. All hands have often to be on deck to roll the ship from side to side to break the ice down, heaving on stout hawsers attached to the ice at windlass and capstan, using ice saws to cut, and powder to blast a passage.

"Fifteen or twenty years ago a pack of seals would have extended in any direction as far as could be seen with a good telescope from a ship's masthead, lying as close as a flock of sheep, the reflection darkening the sky above them; and a ship about the 1st of April falling in amongst them had no difficulty in getting as many as she could hold. The case is greatly altered now; a pack very rarely exceeds one-twentieth part of the above size, owing to the cruel manner in which the seals have been destroyed. For, on the seals being reached, the men are sent over the ice, the harpooners armed with rifles, the other men with seal-clubs, knife and steel, and a rope to drag the skins to the ship; and now a work of brutal murder and cruelty goes on, enough to make the hardest hearted turn away with loathing and disgust. The harpooner chooses a place where a number of

young seals are lying, knowing well that their mothers will soon come to look after them; these mothers, as soon as they are seen, are then shot without mercy. In a few days tens of thousands of young seals are left motherless to die of starvation. The noise they make is something dreadful. If one could imagine himself surrounded by four or five hundred thousand babies all crying at the pitch of their voices, he would have some idea of it. Their cry is very like an infant's. These motherless seals collect into lots of five or six, and crawl about the ice—their heads fast becoming the biggest part of their bodies—searching, no doubt, to find the nourishment they stand so much in want of. There are no greater cruelties perpetrated on the face of the globe than at the Greenland seal-fishing. The case is different at the Labrador fishing; the seals are not interfered with until the mothers are leaving their young. An international treaty between this country and Norway ought to be entered into, not to begin fishing the seals until the 6th of April, these being the two principal nations engaged in this fishery.

"The females are very affectionate towards their young. It is very amusing to watch the old one coming on to a piece of ice where ten or a dozen young ones are, going from one to the other until she finds her own, kissing and patting it, and teaching it where to go to get a suck. But any of the others had better not attempt it; for if they do, the old seal will stretch out her neck, give an angry wurr, fly at them, and scratch them with her sharp claws, making the fur fly out of them. At other times, seeing men approaching, a mother will occasionally snatch up her young one, dive under the ice with it, and carry it for the time out of the reach of danger. The male seals, on the other hand, never lose an opportunity of worrying the young, taking them in their teeth and shaking them, as a terrier-dog would a rat.

"In April, the young seals are beginning to be better worth taking. The rifles are then laid aside, and every man is employed in killing, flaying, and dragging the skins to the ship. Three thousand of them is not an unusual number to be slaughtered in a day by a single ship. At this work many of the men do not put themselves to the trouble of carrying clubs, but give the seals a tap on the nose with their foot to stun them, and skin them alive. They have often been seen to try and swim after having their skins taken off!

"After all the skins are salted down, the ships proceed farther north to hunt up the old seals. These animals go on to the ice about the beginning of May, and will lie for weeks without coming off to feed, if left undisturbed. This is for the purpose of starving off the superfluous fat, so that they may be better able to enjoy the warmer weather during the summer. The seals are now fair game, and can be killed instantly by shooting them through the head whilst asleep. This is necessary, for if one is wounded it runs off, alarms the others, and they instantly tumble off the rocks or the ice into the sea; whereas, if the seal is shot dead at once the rest fancy it is lying down to have another sleep, and follow its example. Seals are extremely watchful, and seldom sleep long, some of them being always on the watch. An indifferent shot is therefore a great nuisance to the other men; he scares off so many seals that they have double the work to do. Once within seventy yards or so, if the man is a good shot he ought to be able to kill as many as will load his boat, if the seals

* "Plea for Mercy to Animals," p. 65. By Dr. Macaulay. Religious Tract Society.

are lying well, without changing his position, and without unnecessary cruelties. Death is instantaneous."

H. C.

AMONG THE ALLIGATORS.

The alligator is unknown in Polynesia, notwithstanding the assertion of a popular writer that they are found in the noble lagoon of Penrhyn's Island. It was therefore a disagreeable novelty when at Somerset, Cape York, to be warned not to go to a certain retired part of "the pass," or narrow strait, as a large alligator, often seen there, might pick me off. This was no idle warning, for next day the huge fellow was uncomfortably near our watering party. It frequents the southern part of the bay, on account of the fresh water there. The alligator cannot live without occasionally laving itself in fresh water.

Landing subsequently on large islands in Torres Straits, wherever we came upon large pools of fresh water a sudden splash and plunge informed us of the surprise and hasty departure of some of these saurians. Delighted at the first sight of the fine river of Manumann, on the south-eastern coast of New Guinea, we resolved to have a bathe. Only those who know what it is week after week under a burning sun to have barely enough water to wash their faces and hands can understand the intense longing which the sight of a large sheet of fresh water begets for a dip and a swim. Our guide, perceiving our intention, kindly persuaded us to desist, assuring us that the river was full of alligators. It is on this account that the natives of New Guinea build their dwellings on long stakes. A few weeks later, some of our party saw at Manumann a young man whose leg had been bitten off by an alligator. His mother and sister were loudly lamenting his sad misfortune. In many cases the natives prefer death to mutilation.

The gloomy oozy spaces between the lofty mangroves and the dwarf-like *Nipa fruticans*, which everywhere line the rivers of New Guinea, are the appropriate lurking-places of these reptiles. Once when camping on a high grassy bank, hedged in by tall, delicate tree-ferns, we secured our boat and rested awhile. For some time our guide could not be induced to leave the boat, through fear of the "bulom," i.e., alligator. We asked him the length of this dreaded foe; his measurement proved to be thirty feet. But when at length the old man saw us eating, hunger overcame fear, and he sat down with us to luncheon.

At the village of Katau, on the south-western part of New Guinea, our wooding party had a fright from an alligator. They were felling timber close to the river when the foe made his appearance. Our men were armed with American felling-axes. The creature glared at them, and then retired to its native element. The chief Maino told us that the alligators thereabouts are particularly daring. On one occasion an immense fellow rushed out of the water, and carried off a woman and child incautiously walking by the river. Natives of New Guinea have been whisked off their canoes into the stream by a sudden blow from its long and powerful tail. The Manat people when voyaging in canoes are careful to avoid everything that might attract the attention of alligators.

To some it may seem incredible that a man should be whisked into the water by an alligator. A kangaroo was one day quietly nibbling at the edge of a river's bank in North Australia, unconscious that

one of these monsters was watching underneath, apparently in hope that it would by-and-by fall into the water. At length, wearied with waiting, the alligator cautiously approached as near as it could, and then with a sudden sweep of its tail toppled the kangaroo over into the river, where it was of course speedily despatched.

Three South Sea Islanders were chatting pleasantly together on the bank of the Herbert, when one of these reptiles rushed out upon them. Two of the affrighted islanders jumped up and ran for dear life; the third, petrified with terror, did not move an inch, and so was carried off to the river by the foe.

A dog-fight is sure to attract the alligator. Oblivious of danger, the dogs become an easy prey when near the water's edge.

I shall not easily forget a night spent in Rockingham Bay. A heavy tropical storm compelled us to wait until past midnight ere seeking our boat to take us on board. The night was extremely dark. To our dismay we found the tide had run out, leaving our boat high and dry a great distance off. As there was no remedy for it, we tucked up our trousers, took off our boots, and dragged the boat over the mud. Whilst thus engaged there was an alarm cry,—"Pet!" the facetious name of a large alligator famous for its terrible exploits. Just as we got off, the storm burst forth with renewed fury. The entire bay was now illuminated by phosphorescent light. Wherever the great drops of rain touched the sea a flash was emitted. Drenched to the skin, teeth chattering, we pulled about all over the bay in vain search of our yacht. Eventually we returned to shore, and found next day that the men in charge had gone to sleep without first hoisting a lighted lantern as a signal. Many a bullet had been received by "Pet" without materially inconveniencing him. Lord Normanby, Governor of Queensland, lodged several slugs in his tough carcass during his visit—"Pet" being tempted out of the water by a quantity of fish viscera purposely strewn on the beach. A few weeks afterwards the reptile met its fate.

A gentleman in another northern port showed me his pet, viz., an alligator about five years old. It was five feet in length, and was kept in a large iron cage, and seemed to know its master. It had been caught in a fish net, and on that occasion severely bit the thumb of the man who took it prisoner. It is an interesting circumstance that a young captive alligator when liberated makes straight, by an unerring instinct, for the nearest water. It is very sensitive if touched, however gently, between the joints of its armour. The eyeballs are placed right under the skull. A perfectly transparent membrane covers the eye, the object being to protect it in the water. It was amusing to see the wonderful ease with which it caught flies unwisely alighting on its tail. A lizard, agile though it be, stood no chance whatever of escape. It is torpid during the three winter months. It will not eat raw beef and mutton; what it devours is killed by itself. On one occasion it killed and ate six rats, one after the other. Judging from the slow growth of this young captive alligator, the Cardwell "Pet" must have been of considerable age.

I saw with much emotion the skull of an Australian "gin," and other parts of her skeleton, mixed up with the remains of an European, all found in the capacious stomach of an alligator nearly twenty-five feet in length.

An Australian clergyman related to me the following affecting incident. An aboriginal lad, washing himself on the banks of a river, was suddenly seized by the legs by an alligator. The brave boy shouted to his terrified adult friends ashore to give him a tomahawk, to enable him to hack out the eyes of his cruel foe. But so deeply rooted is the native superstition respecting these reptiles, that not one of them would do so. Again and again was the agonising cry of the poor boy heard in vain, as the huge creature leisurely retreated into deep water, drowning his victim. A few days afterwards, some white men, hearing of this, watched for this reptile, and shot it. Inside it were found the partially-digested remains of the poor boy. The razor-edged teeth of the shark at once sever a limb; the round pointed teeth of the alligator dig into the flesh like prongs. As the teeth of the alligator fit into corresponding sockets, it is impossible to extricate the victim without first killing the pitiless monster.

It is well known that the crocodile was worshipped by the Egyptians. Several species of the *lizard* were worshipped in Polynesia. Whence this worship of a perfectly harmless reptile? May not the original settlers from Asia have brought with them traditions of crocodile worship? The lizard being the only representative of that order in their new-found homes, may not its worship by the South Sea Islanders be only a modern adaptation of the old crocodile-worship? It is noticeable that lizard-worship was introduced into the Hervey Group by

Tongans. The fear of the lizard was intense. I have seen strong men tremble at the sudden approach of one. The two varieties anciently worshipped on Mangaia were the dirty-white and the beautifully spotted black. A large tree-lizard exists in the forests of Rarotonga. It was formerly regarded as the incarnation of a Tongan deity, devouring solitary travellers.

W. W. G.

THE KRAKEN, OR GIGANTIC OCTOPUS.

It is curious that the ancient Scandinavian myth of a monstrous octopus, which attacks and destroys passing ships, is repeated at the other side of the globe. The natives of Aitutaki, in the Hervey Group, have a legend of a famous explorer, named Rata, who built a double canoe, decked and rigged it, and then started off in search of adventures. At the prow was stationed the dauntless Nganaoa, armed with a long spear, ready to slay all monsters.

One day, when speeding pleasantly over the ocean, the voice of the ever-vigilant Nganaoa was heard: "O Rata! yonder is a terrible enemy starting up from ocean depths." It proved to be an octopus of extraordinary dimensions. Its huge tentacula encircled the vessel in their embrace, threatening them with instant destruction. At this critical moment Nganaoa seized his spear and fearlessly drove it through the head of the octopus. The tentacula now slowly relaxed, and the dead monster floated off on the surface of the ocean.

W. WYATT GILL.

THE BY-PATHS OF MUSICAL HISTORY.

VII.—THE NATIONAL MELODIES OF IRELAND.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT, LL.D.

IRELAND from a remote period has been celebrated for its cultivation of music, and admitted as one of the parent countries of that art. Most of its national airs are so old that their authors and the eras in which they composed them are unknown.

It has been said that the oldest Irish tunes are the most perfect, and history accords with this opinion. Galilei, Bacon, Stanihurst, Spenser, and Camden, in the sixteenth century, speak warmly of Irish music, but not so highly as Polydore Virgil, and Major in the fifteenth, Clynne in the middle of the fourteenth, or Fordan in the thirteenth. As we recede yet further, we find Cambrensis, Brompton, and John of Salisbury, in the twelfth century, bestowing still more lofty encomiums; and these again falling short of the accounts which the Welsh historians give of the state of the science among the Irish in the eleventh and tenth centuries. In conformity with this, Fuller, in his account of the crusade conducted by Godfrey of Bouillon, says: "Yea, we might well think that all the concert of Christendom in the war would have made no music if the Irish harp had been wanting."

The ancient musical instruments of the Irish were the harp, the bagpipe, the horn, the trumpet, a rude kind of violin, the drum, etc.; but the chief was the harp.

According to Brompton, in the reign of Henry II, the Irish had two kinds of harp—the one bold and rapid, the other soft and soothing. The small harp,

like that described as Brian Boru's, was strung with single strings, and principally used by ladies and ecclesiastics as an accompaniment to their songs and hymns. The larger instrument, strung with double strings, was used in the public assemblies of the people, and upon all great occasions.

Such was the prevalence of the harp in early times in Ireland "that every hero and every virgin could touch its strings." At the annual "feast of shells" this instrument was handed round, so that each one of the company might modulate his voice to its soft tone in turn; not to be capable of sweeping it in a masterly manner was deemed a disgrace, even to royalty. "In every house," says O'Halloran, "there was one or two harps free to all travellers, who were the more caressed the more they excelled in music." In allusion to this practice, the beautiful lines of the "Bard of Erin" present an elegant illustration. The poet-bard thus makes his bequest:—

"When the light of my song is o'er,
Then take my harp to your ancient hall;
Hang it up at that friendly door,
Where weary travellers love to call.
Then if some bard, who roams forsaken,
Revive its soft notes in passing along,
Oh! let one thought of its master waken
Your warmest smile for the child of song."

The most interesting Irish harp in existence is

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that still preserved in Trinity College, Dublin. It gives us an accurate illustration of the state of the instrument about the earlier part of the fourteenth century, as also the skill of the artificer of that period. This instrument has been long popularly known as being Brian Boru's harp, but its history is now more clearly traced. It belonged to the illustrious family of O'Neil; and it is an interesting circumstance in the history of this harp that the last minstrel who "revived its soft chords" was descended from the same royal race to whom it originally owed its existence, for the celebrated Arthur O'Neil awoke its dormant harmonies, at Limerick, in 1760.

The preservation of many of the finest old Irish melodies is due to the late Mr. William Bunting, and originated in this way. The rapid decrease of performers on the Irish harp suggested the idea of assembling the remaining harpers dispersed over the different provinces of Ireland. A meeting was accordingly held at Belfast in 1792, when no more than ten could be collected, to whom liberal premiums were distributed according to their respective merits. Mr. Bunting was appointed to note down the airs played on the occasion, and cautioned against adding a single note to old melodies which would seem to have passed, in their present state, through a long succession of ages. Though collected from parts distant from each other, and taught by different masters, the harpers always played them in the same keys and without variation in any essential passage or note. This circumstance seemed the more extraordinary when it was discovered that the most ancient tunes were in this respect the most perfect, admitting of the addition of a bass with more facility than such as were less ancient.

It was remarked that the instruments used by the harpers were tuned on one uniform system, though the performers on them were ignorant of the principle.

A chief motive in convening this feeble remnant of the bards was to procure purer copies of tunes already known, and to perpetuate a number of other extremely ancient ones of which no copies existed, and which were therefore the more likely to be lost. The ends proposed by this meeting were highly successful, and given to the world in the various collections put forth by Mr. Bunting.

Irish melodies may be distinguished, as to their minor characteristics, into two classes; those, namely, which are marked by the omission of the fourth and seventh tones of the diatonic scale or one of them, such as the following air of

"THE BONNY CUCKOO."



And those which, although quite Irish in their structure, are not so characterised, as the old Munster air of

"THE DRUMMER."



We quite agree with Mr. Bunting that the feature which more particularly distinguishes Irish music is not the negative *omission*, but the positive and emphatic *presence* of a particular note; and this tone is that of the submediant or major sixth, in other words, the tone of E in the scale of G. This it is that stamps the true character in every bar of the air in which it occurs, so that the moment this tone is heard we exclaim, "That is an Irish melody." As an example, we have chosen the following melody, marking the emphatic note by an asterisk:—

"WHAT IS THAT TO HIM?"

Rather slow.



Independently of this particular feature, Irish melody has also its own peculiarity of structure and arrangement, but this is more observable in the very old class of airs. These are for the most part in a major key and in triple time. One of the most ancient Irish melodies that has come down to us is the following. The *cronan*, or chorus, imparts to it a great peculiarity. It has been a favourite from time immemorial with the peasantry of the counties of Down and Antrim, the words being sung by one person whilst the rest of the party chant the *cronan* in consonance.

"BALDINDERRY."

Moderate time.



Some of the most ancient airs of Ireland do not admit of harmony; or if they do, it is that kind of harmony shocking to cultivated ears. Mr. Levey, who collected and published "The Dance Music of Ireland," says:—"It is, I suppose, a very unfortunate occurrence for the rigorous maintenance of the systematic theories on the subject, but it is not less

a fact, that all the real Scotch strathspeys, and many of our regular thorough-going Irish jigs, seem absolutely founded on, and wedded to, these objectionable fifths and eighths." We give one of the tunes referred to, in which every other bar (with the exception of the two last) alternates between two keys. But it is interesting, as Mr. Carl Engel observes, "on account of the palpable evidence which it affords that a melody may be very beautiful without being remarkably suited for harmony, and that, therefore, the degree of gratification which we derive from hearing a melody does not necessarily depend, as some musicians suppose, upon the harmonic relations which the successive intervals bear to each other."

"THE HUMOURS OF BANDON."



The name of Thomas Moore is enshrined in the music of his native country. The "Irish Melodies" constitute his true claim to fame. "Lalla Rookh," with its varied imagery and flowing numbers; the "Epicurean," in which is united classical research with every grace of style; the "Memoirs of Captain Rock," in which history is made to glow and sparkle with wit; "The Twopenny Post-Bag," "The Fudge Family," and other satirical poems famous in their day, are now, like even greater things, comparatively unremembered. But the National Songs still live and flourish, and are read and admired by thousands.

In 1797, Moore saw Bunting's first "Collection," and became, for the first time, acquainted with the ancient melodies of his country. He was then, however, only sixteen years of age; and although deeply impressed by their beauty, did not even contemplate the crowning achievement of his own genius, destined in later times to win him undying laurels. Bunting's work furnished many of the airs contained in the "Irish Melodies;" others were derived from various sources, written and oral. Two have been asserted, on trustworthy authority, to belong to a non-Irish origin, viz., "My Lodging is on the cold Ground," and "The Girl I left behind me." For the authenticity of the latter Bunting stoutly contended, and adduced a chain of plausible argument, which, nevertheless, has been entirely broken by Mr. William Chappell, in his admirable publication on the National Music of England, to which we have pleasure in referring our readers as a work of rare information and research. The lover of Irish music, however, can afford to resign these airs, which, though charming, are by no means the most beautiful of those hitherto recognised as "Irish Melodies." Other claims have been set up, without the slightest foundation. The Scotch, for instance, insist upon fathering "Gramachree" and "Robin Adair" ("The Harp that once through Tara's Halls," and "Erin, the tear and the smile in thine eye"). "Gramachree," or "Molly Astore," is one of the

most popular and widely known of all the Irish melodies. General Vallencey—an Englishman of literary celebrity, and a profound Irish scholar, whose memory is endeared to Ireland—was so enchanted with "Molly Astore," that he endeavoured to trace the derivation of its name to antiquity, and wrote an essay to prove that *Astarte* (the Juno of the East, according to Diodorus Siculus) was the Irish *Astore-th*, pronounced *Astore*; while Mr. Trotter assures us that the song was composed at the period of Cormac MacCom, a century before the Christian era. It would be a pity to disturb the ingenious speculations of the *Collectanea*, but internal evidence compels us unhesitatingly to reject the hypothesis of Mr. Trotter.

In selecting his airs, Moore was in almost every instance guided by beauty rather than by antiquity. In his preface to one of the numbers, he observes, with patriotic warmth:—"Perhaps we may look no further than the last disgraceful century for the origin of those wild and melancholy strains, which were at once the offspring and solace of grief, and were applied to the mind as music was formerly to the body—'*decantere loca dolentia*!'" Walker, O'Connor, and other enthusiastic antiquarians, nevertheless, take pride in referring to Giraldus Cambrensis, who, in his well-known work, dilates with animation on the beauties of the national minstrelsy of Ireland. Moore himself, elsewhere, acknowledges that, in doubting the antiquity of his country's music, his scepticism extends to those "polished specimens of the art only, which it is difficult to conceive anterior to the dawn of modern improvement," and adds, that "he would by no means invalidate the claims of Ireland to as early a rank in the annals of minstrelsy as the most zealous partisans would be inclined to allow her."

That all the best of the "Irish Melodies" were appropriated by Moore we do not believe. There are several, indeed, unknown to the public, almost equal to any in Moore's collection. A small volume of Irish songs, with original words, brought out in London some five-and-twenty years since, contains two or three airs of exquisite beauty. Among these we may mention the melody selected by Dibdin for his nautical ballad, "On board of the bold *Arethusa*," which, until Bunting's book appeared, was thought to be Dibdin's own composition. "Peggy Bawn," too, is included in the volume, which, nevertheless, obtained but a limited circulation. Moore, who was born and passed his youth in Dublin, had no opportunity of becoming acquainted with the "wild and melancholy strains" of his country. The capital was not a favourable locality for acquiring a knowledge of ancient national music, which was more likely to be picked up in remote rural districts, and in the shielings of the peasantry, than in cities and high places.

We give below a beautiful air as noted down in County Clare, and printed in Dr. Petrie's "Collection of Irish Music," 1855. It is found in no other work. "As a very general, but most erroneous impression," remarks the learned editor, "has been fixed in the public mind—through the writings of persons having but a limited acquaintance with Irish music—that the slow tunes of Ireland are all marked by a sorrowful expression, it may not be improper to direct the attention of readers to the character of this air, as an evidence of the fallacy of such an opinion. 'The Pearl of the White Breast' is a melody strongly

marked as belonging to the class of airs known among the Irish peasantry as sentimental or love tunes. Its cadences are all expressive of an imploring and impassioned tenderness; and although they express nothing characteristic of levity or gaiety, they are equally wanting in those expressive of hopeless sadness or wailing sorrow with which the *caoinés*, or elegiac airs, are so deeply stamped; and although it may not have a claim to so high a place in Irish melody as some other airs of its class, it is, as I conceive, a melody of no ordinary beauty—perfectly Irish in the artful regularity of its construction, and deeply impressed with those peculiar features which would give it a claim to a very remote, though, like most of our fine airs, an unknown and undeterminable antiquity."

"THE PEARL OF THE WHITE BREAST."

Andante.



Any notice of the national music of the Irish would be incomplete without a word or two upon their dance tunes, in which the Irish character is as truly reflected as in their more serious melodies. These may be described as of several kinds, of which the principal are—the common or "double jig," the "single jig," the "hop jig," the "reel," the "hornpipe," and various country dances and "set figures."

The common or "double jig" is in six-eight time, usually consisting of two parts of eight measures each, each of these measures usually presenting two quaver triplets throughout the tune, and each part being always played twice. In these general features this most common variety of the Irish dance tune only differs from the great majority of the old clan marches in the somewhat greater rapidity of the time in which they are performed; and it is almost certain that very many of these common jigs were originally marches, and were anciently used for both purposes.

The "single jig," like the common jig, is a tune in six-eight time, and of the same number of bars or measures. But it differs from the former in this, that the bars do not present, as in the "double," a succession of triplets, but rather of alternate long and short or crotchet and quaver notes. Thus, in dancing, the floor is struck only *four* times to the bar instead of *six* times, as in the "double."

The "hop jig," popular in Munster from remote times, is in nine-eight time, a structure peculiarly Irish. It seems probable that many of the dance tunes in this time current in England and Wales were originally Irish, and passing into those countries became naturalised.

The "reel" is identical in feature with that of the same name in the sister country. In both it is common time, consisting of two parts of eight bars each, and generally presents a uniform succession of eight quavers (or semiquavers, if written in two-four time) in each bar throughout the tune. There is, however, this difference between the reel-tunes of Scotland and of Ireland, that while the former are, perhaps, more marked by a sunshine of mirthfulness, the latter have usually more melody and expression of sentiment. Further, it may be worthy of remark

that the reel, though now, and for a long time, regarded as the national dance of Scotland proper, was anciently known only to the Irish and Hiberno-Scottic, or Highland people, and that it does not appear to have ever been common to, or adopted by, the Anglo-Saxon people of England or the Cimbric people of Wales.

The "hornpipe" was in common time, and generally danced by one person. The various "set" dances and "country figures" partook of the different characters of the dances we have described, and need no explanation.

We may briefly remark, in concluding this slight sketch, that the national music of Ireland is eminently beautiful—"so unapproachably unique, so exquisitely graceful, so unlike any other music of the nations around us." The Irish tunes bear the impress of better days, when the native nobles of the country cultivated music as a part of their education; and amid the wreck of Irish national history are perhaps the most faithful evidences we have still remaining of the mental cultivation and refinement of a most remarkable nation.

The Faithful Light.

THERE'S a light in the cottage window—

It shines far over the vale;
The sun is gone and the day is done,
And the stars are few and pale.

Only a farthing rushlight,
With feeble flickering ray—
'Twill gleam and wane in that window-pane
Till wears the night away.

A woman sits in the cottage
And weeps and tends the light;
Her loving care has placed it there
To glimmer the livelong night.

For one to sea went sailing,
And one will sure come back;
The light must burn till he return
By the lonely beaten track.

He comes not over the mountain,
He comes not across the vale;
The beacon-light keeps burning bright,
Tho' the woman's face is pale.

He lies deep down in the ocean—
But others cross the plain,
And hearts beat high when passing nigh
That light in the window-pane.

They bless the faithful watcher—
The heart that will not break,
The friendly light in the darksome night,
That burns for another's sake.

Her face grows paler and paler—
But wanderers reach their home;
Her loving pain is not in vain
Tho' one will never come.

R. M.

Varieties.

THOMAS BAINES, F.R.G.S.—Another of the band of African explorers has passed away with Mr. Thomas Baines, who died recently in Natal. Our readers will recollect many papers of travel contributed by him to this journal, illustrated by engravings from his original sketches, for he was artist as well as traveller. His simple, genial manners made him a large circle of friends. At the meetings of the British Associations during his last sojourn in England, Mr. Baines was a familiar figure, his ready hand doing many a little service, especially in the geographical department, in the unfolding of maps or the exhibition of sketches, or in any practical emergency, like the skilful Jack-of-all-trades that he really was. Mr. Baines had been for some time engaged in exploring the mineral fields of southern Africa, and the Natal paper which records his death speaks of his name as "a household word" throughout the whole region. He had in the press a work on the African gold-fields.

SEAMEN AND EMIGRANTS.—From the article entitled "Service on Shipboard" (page 560), the impression might be given that less is being done for our seamen in that direction than is really the case. The librarian of the South Bethel Union, Liverpool, writes to say that "the Seamen and Emigrants' Friend Society has now 20,000 volumes of religious, moral, and entertaining books, out of which selections are made for sailing vessels leaving the port. The books are in small portable cases, from 25 to 30 volumes in each, besides periodicals and tracts. There are now 720 of these libraries in use." At most of our large ports, and at some of the small ones also, active efforts are made to supply libraries to ships; and at London several different societies work in this field very successfully. Besides, there are many shipowners who supply their ships liberally with books; and all Government emigrant vessels are supplied with libraries by persons connected with the Emigration Department. We are also reminded that the Library Committee of the British and Foreign Sailors' Society has laboured in this field for very many years. Their last year's issue was the largest ever sent forth by them. These libraries were scattered over every part of the navigable world. The Religious Tract Society has been a main helper in this work. Every year, for several years, grants have been made of tracts and books at half subscribers' prices. "As early as the 'Leisure Hour' and 'Sunday at Home' are issued in a bound form, they are sent afloat by the British and Foreign Sailors' Society, and many hundred volumes of these periodicals are now abroad in their library boxes, not to mention other publications." The correspondent who recalls these facts continues:—"Nor are we without evidence that these efforts do good. There are, we are sorry to say, captains who take no interest whatever in the moral welfare of their crews, which is a great reason for increased missionary and library work, yet the great bulk of British shipmasters are only too glad to have a library of good and readable books for their men. One captain, recommending a library to another, said, in pithy sailor style, 'Handiest thing out. Keeps the sailors from grumbling. They get a nice book to read, and that keeps them all quiet.' A prevailing practice is to bring the library on deck every Sunday, and allow the men to help themselves." Cases of special spiritual benefit through the libraries are also reported. Good sermons especially adapted for seamen are still much needed. It is satisfactory to find that so much has been accomplished, but there is still room for increased activity in the interests of both sailors and emigrants.

AMERICAN ROWING.—Judging from the description of a recent boat race at Saratoga, given in the "New York Semi-Weekly Times," American rowing would seem to be very wonderful at home, if not abroad. Thirteen boats started, "every oar dipping and feathering with cool precision, as though those who swayed them were merely feeling their way." This calmness lasted, however, but for a short time. Before many minutes were over, Cornell was "seen to break the precision of her section" by shooting ahead, and spectators were enthralled by "the spray flying from her sweeps." This splashing appears to form one of the chief merits of American rowing in the opinion of indigenous critics, since the writer subsequently dwells with evident pleasure on the "white foam flying from the oars." Another characteristic is the way the rowers have of "leaning trustingly their full weight on the oars," a difficult feat scarcely calculated to increase speed. However, as in the race in question the practice was adopted in all the leading boats, it must have some advantages unknown to English oarsmen. At all events, combined with the above-mentioned tendency towards crab-catching, it evidently served to produce

immense excitement, the report of the race glowing with such terms as "magnificent rowing," "grand display," and "majestic strokes." Without stopping to inquire the meaning of this last phrase, it will suffice to say the race terminated in a scene of wild rapture, the college men on the banks even rushing into the water in their enthusiasm. But the crew saw them not; indeed, appears to have neither seen, heard, nor felt in that supreme moment. For "their ears and hearts were lost in their muscles, and they tugged for dear life to be the victors." Then "the sky seemed to open and let out a great roar of triumphant acclamation," and then "the whole of the grand-stand appeared to be tumbling down." Fortunately this was merely an appearance, caused by the spectators "rushing down to the shores of the lake to yell at the victors." No wonder that the winning crew eyed "the cheering, maddening throng with considerable trepidation," while the stroke looked quite scared "as his name was belowned out by frenzied friends." Yet, after all, it must have been a delightful triumph, since we are told that "those who could not get hold of one of the heroes to carry, seized hold of each other and cuffed each other in downright ecstasy." Perhaps rather an inconvenient way of showing delight, but then our American cousins are so very enthusiastic!—*Globe*.

SCHOOLROOMS.—Mr. W. Jolly, one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Schools in Scotland, in his general report this year pleads for schoolrooms which shall themselves be good teachers. There is, he observes, a passive education of taste carried on by the surroundings of the child in school—by the schoolroom, the furniture, the arrangements, the decorations, the teacher, and the insensible effect of the whole teaching and work, all which influences permeate the child's life and elevate or depress his nature. Hence the importance of making our schoolrooms sweet and tasteful places, educators of the higher part of the children's nature, and the privilege and duty of using this influence to raise the general taste of the nation. Mr. Jolly states that beautiful and artistic examples of works of high art can be obtained at very small prices for the adornment of schoolrooms through the aid offered by the Science and Art Department, and he expresses his hope that, as new buildings are erected, School Boards will make the schoolrooms in this way centres of bright and high influence. He maintains that the most effective field of æsthetic culture and refinement at our command lies in the common schools; and that no national improvement in manner, bearing, habit, and taste will be possible except through the common schools.

GIANT TREES IN CALIFORNIA.—It has been supposed that the Sierra *sequoias*, or big trees of California, are confined to a few small isolated groves. It was discovered last summer that a body of big-tree timber in Fresno county is not properly a grove, but a forest extending for not less than seventy miles in a north-west and south-eastward direction, with a width in some places of ten miles and interrupted only by the deep cañons which cut across the general course of the forest. Different persons have traced the forest from the basin of the Tule River in latitude 36deg. 20min. across those of the Kaweah and Kings to that of San Joaquin. The elevation has not been carefully measured, but is supposed to vary from 4,000ft. to 6,000ft. Unlike the groves farther north, this forest consists mainly, and in some places almost exclusively, of the big trees, and there are also a multitude in all the ages of growth, some just sprouting and others saplings only two or three feet through. The largest standing tree as yet measured is 40ft. in diameter; a charred stump—the tree itself having disappeared—measures 41ft. across. A tree 24ft. in diameter, 4ft. above the ground, is precisely the same thickness 60ft. higher. A fallen trunk is hollow throughout its length, and the hole is large enough to drive a horse and buggy 72ft. in it as in a tunnel. The wood is similar in general character to the coast *sequoia*, or common redwood, straight in grain, splitting freely, even enough in grain for furniture, and far superior to oak in its keeping qualities in positions exposed to alternations of moisture. The Sierra *sequoia* does not throw up sprouts from its stump as does the redwood, and can therefore be felled out more readily. It was wise in Congress to make a reservation for pleasure purposes of the Miraposa Grove, which is near Yosemite, small and conveniently accessible to tourists by the present routes of travel; but the Tulare-Fresno forest—it is all in those two counties—cannot be converted into a public reservation. Numerous saw-mills will be built on its line, and flumes will carry the lumber down to the consumers.—*San Francisco Alta*.

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